

CN CALLING

For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever
alike;
When you are the anvil,
bear;
When you are the ham-
mer, strike.

Edwin Markham

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**RUSSIA
COMES TO
THE WINDOW**

See page 2

Number 1079 NOVEMBER 25, 1939

Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

THE CN AND ITS FUTURE

THE good and evil things of the world are in the balances, and the C N believes with all its heart and soul that the evil things will be destroyed.

But the price that must be paid in such a conflict is a bitter one for all. It will involve a heavy sacrifice and the loss of many things we hold dear.

For us at the moment the question is whether the C N, confronted with all the difficulties of these days, will remain to share the Victory and to see the fulfilment of all the things it has wrought for in these 21 years.

It depends on that great host of friends it has built up for itself about the world.

It depends on you.

Every paper now must face the general peril of the day and the special perils peculiar to itself, and the C N, which has always had an intimate and affectionate relation with its public, wishes to appeal to its readers to help it in meeting the situation created by the war. There are four main difficulties the C N has to face:

The supply of paper is running short and the price rises.

The advertisements on which all newspapers depend are disappearing.

A great multitude of children are away from home, scattered about the country.

The grown-up friends of the C N are all hard-pressed and may overlook it.

It will be seen that already the shortage of paper has brought about a reduction in the size of the C N, but the Editor hopes to be able to maintain the interest of the paper without any serious loss; perhaps he may be allowed to hope that though the quantity is a little less the quality will remain the same.

It is a constant encouragement that every week brings letters from all over the world expressing devotion and gratitude to the C N and praying that no ill will befall it, and the Editor feels moved to appeal to its readers to help the paper in these ways open to them all:

By seeing that it reaches the children scattered about the land.

By definitely ordering their own copy from a newsagent.

By subscribing for an extra copy for old folk or sick folk in hospital.

By subscribing for copies to be sent abroad.

More and more it is desirable that the ideals of the C N should come into

the life of our children, and there is grave peril that the evacuation scheme may keep our boys and girls out of touch with it. A paper is easily missed or overlooked away from home, in strange surroundings, yet, as our Minister of Education said the other day, we cannot allow three-quarters of a million children to grow up little barbarians. God forbid that it should be in any circumstances, yet it is only too easy in these days for our children to lose touch with the friendly atmosphere of the C N.

If you are in an area with evacuated children, will you ask your newsagent to deliver the C N every week to one or two of them?

If you have friends abroad, the publishers have arranged with the Censor to post copies to all parts of the world, so overcoming any difficulty you may have in doing this.

Twice in these few weeks the C N has received money from its readers to be spent in spreading its usefulness about the world, but the C N does not appeal for money; it asks only for the sympathetic help of its friends, on which its existence now depends. We feel that we may be excused for

quoting from a letter which has reached us from an old friend of this paper in Scotland:

One of my most precious memories is of my father reading the first Children's Encyclopedia to me; your books are falling to pieces on my shelves owing to constant companionship; and the C N has been for years my weekly tonic.

In these terrible months it has helped me to maintain a passionate belief in those principles we have seen derided abroad and often betrayed at home. Had the gospel the C N preached been obeyed this war would not have been.

I wish to show my heartfelt gratitude by making a suggestion. The war must not blackout the C N. Its light must continue to shine forth until Peace comes again, and therefore I suggest that a Thank-offering Fund be founded, and I have very great pleasure in enclosing a mite towards it.

It is not possible for us to accept our friend's proposal, but we feel that there may be a generous response to it in the hearts of our readers, and we rely with confidence on their cooperation in keeping the flag of the C N flying until Peace returns and Justice is enthroned among all peoples.

The Armies of Freedom Are on the March



AN OLD FARM READY FOR A PENSION

Why Not Give It One?

Old soldiers who have served their country well receive a pension, but what can be done with a 20-acre date farm ready for retirement?

This is the problem facing the State of Arizona now that date-growing has become an established industry of the hot and arid regions of the American South-West.

At the opening of this century the University of Arizona and the U S Bureau of Plant Industry undertook to work together to find out whether date palms from Iraq and North Africa could be acclimatised in the new world. Over 100 varieties were planted on their experimental date farm in Tempe, and, while most of the plants grew to be magnificent trees, only half a dozen varieties yielded good fruit. Informed of this, prospective date-farmers planted the proved varieties, with the result that the people of the United States consumed 10,000,000 lbs of home-grown dates last year, and the industry is now considered established.

But the little farm which showed the way is no longer useful except for the shade of its trees, and the question now rises how to dispose of it. The C N would like to think of this little plot of land pensioned as a beauty-spot for the people of Arizona for ever, and an order of merit bestowed on the State and Federal bodies which planned this piece of work 40 years ago, for this is good government—to make life fuller and richer, more varied, more prosperous, more interesting, for the people of the country governed.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Albert Canal. Named after King Albert of Belgium, this canal runs for 100 miles from the River Scheldt at Antwerp to the River Meuse at Liège. It is entirely in Belgium and is of strategic as well as commercial value. Ships of 2000 tons can use it, strange objects in the landscape because much of the canal is enclosed in dykes because it flows above land-level.

Auxiliary. From the Latin word meaning helpful, this is used for the foreign or allied forces in the service of a nation. It is also used in our Navy for a ship which is not normally in the service but is called upon in wartime for mine-sweeping and other tasks in which the regular ships need assistance.

Maastricht Peninsula. This name is given to that part of Holland which lies between Belgium and Germany. It projects like a tongue southward, with the River Maas, or Meuse, separating it from Belgium. The Dutch town of Maastricht lies at the southern end, while Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) lies just across the German border.

Strafe. It is a German word meaning to punish or chastise, and it was cheerfully adopted by the British forces in the last war when the Germans instituted a campaign of hate with the slogan "Gott strafe England." A dawn bombardment was called by the Tommies a morning strafe, and a low-flying attack by aircraft became known as ground-strafing.

War Graves Commission. This is the body which looks after the cemeteries all over the world in which lie the British who died in the Great War. Other nations, including Germany, have similar organisations, and it is a fact of great promise for the future that even this war has not shattered the bond between these groups. Our representatives look after the German graves in this country and the German representatives have promised to do the same for the British graves within the borders of their country in spite of the war.

Russia Comes to the Window

RUSSIA has made it crystal clear that she intends to count, and to count a great deal, in the New Europe which will develop with Peace.

Already men are discussing the new Balance of Power, and Italy is endeavouring to bring together the Balkan States lest Russia should again attempt to force her way to the shores of the Mediterranean. The Soviet, it may be said, is once more becoming the bogey of European statesmen, and we must believe that Hitler's sleep is disturbed every night by the thought of this great empire pressing on his eastern flank. As Mr Churchill said in his famous broadcast, the bear has one paw on the Baltic and the other on the shores of the Black Sea.

History Repeats Itself

History, after all, is repeating itself, and Russia, having renewed her martial strength and realised that the force of arms rather than of ideas is ruling for a time, is treading the paths she laid down for herself when she emerged from her barbaric beginnings at Novgorod on the Volga.

What Russians then sought was a window into Europe, and as she expanded she wanted far more than a window; she wanted gateways for trade with the western world. "Ports I want, not land," was the cry of the most famous of her Tsars, Peter the Great, by whose iron will St Petersburg was raised as the capital, above the marshes of the Neva. Already in the 16th century the rapidly expanding State had reached the Arctic coast, and trade with England had begun through Archangel in the White Sea.

It was the ice-free ports of the Baltic, however, that Peter coveted, and before he died he won from the Swedes the Baltic provinces of Estonia and Livonia, and part of Finland. He failed, however, in winning from the Turks access to the Black Sea.

A Barred Gateway

Fifty years after Peter's death one of the most powerful women who ever sat on a throne, Catherine the Great, waged successful wars against Turkey, Sweden, and Poland, and established Russia firmly in the Crimea and on the northern shores of the Black Sea, as well as absorbing Lithuania.

Catherine's grandson Alexander lived through the turmoil caused by Napoleon's marches through Europe, and won for his country all Finland's Baltic coast and the rich province of Bessarabia, which looks out on the Black Sea between the mouths of the Dniester and the Danube. He also won from Turkey a province in the farthest east of the Black Sea.

So, when peace had come to Europe after the struggle with Napoleon, and industrial progress was expanding by leaps and bounds across the world, Russia had many windows and gateways toward the west and could pour her rich produce through them for the general good.

But there was an obstacle in the Black Sea, and this was its gateway of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which Turkey held in full strength.

The Great Powers in Europe were glad this obstacle existed, for they feared the growing power of an empire with such resources as Russia. Austria especially was hoping to benefit from the weakening power of the Turk in South-East Europe and wished to establish herself on the Mediterranean.

Russia proclaimed herself champion of the Christian subjects of the Turks, and the Tsar suggested to Britain that they should divide between themselves the possessions of the Sick Man of Europe, as he called the Sultan. There were long negotiations, and Russia began by invading Moldavia and Wallachia, whereupon Britain decided that Turkey rather than ambitious Russia should be supported, and the Crimean War was fought. The only thing it is famous for is the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava and the triumphant work of Florence Nightingale.

But the war had one good result, for it ended in a treaty which opened the Straits and the Danube to international commerce and forbade the Black Sea to any warships. This happy state of affairs lasted for 15 years, Russia using the period to free her serfs and to improve conditions at home. At the same time she continued to develop her power in Asia, and this caused anxiety in Britain, fearing for India.

The Congress of Berlin

During the Franco-German War Russia successfully claimed the right of having a fleet in the Black Sea, and a few years later she was again fighting the Turks because they were being cruel to the Balkan Christians. Russia actually reached the gates of Constantinople, to the consternation of other European Powers, who assembled at the Congress of Berlin, from which Disraeli brought back to London what he called Peace with Honour, and Russia won only a few small territories instead of Constantinople.

It was from no love for Turkey that we acted as we did, but because it has always been our policy to prevent any single power becoming master of Europe. Russia remained a British bogey until the end of the 19th century, when Germany began to show signs of dominating Europe.

Russia's Old Enemy

The collapse of Russia in the Great War, her Revolution, and the distrust felt by other nations for the Bolshevik form of government led the victorious Allies to support the claims of the Baltic States for freedom. As to the Dardanelles, they were made free to all, and it was not till Turkey was allowed to fortify them, three years ago, that Russia felt herself restricted.

Many stones are being thrown at Russia now, and Russia is throwing many, but it should be remembered that she was one of the strongest advocates of peace until Hitler decided on war, and, war being again the arbiter of events, she has thought it wisdom to secure the Baltic flank against the most dangerous power in Europe, Russia's old enemy—Germany.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

One Birmingham factory is now turning out seven million buttons a week for the British Army.

Malvern College boys, who have been evacuated to Blenheim Palace, use pencils instead of pens in order to protect the tapestries and paintings from possible ink-slinging.

We hear of an Eltham schoolboy evacuated to a town in Kent who spends his spare time working in the fields, and is saving his earnings to buy warm winter gloves for his sisters and brothers.

Boy Scouts in a North of England district have been pumping water out of the local air-raid trenches.

Boys of Repton School are giving up one half-holiday a week to help local farmers and others.

A Gateshead man has just received three medals he won in the last Great War.

The idea of painting New Forest ponies with white stripes has proved a failure, as the foals will not go near their zebra-like mothers.

The other day a little evacuee went into a shop for some sweets, and when the shopkeeper told her the price the girl replied, "Oh, I'm free; the Government pays for me."

A minesweeper has been adopted by a Lincolnshire village for the duration of the war and will be kept supplied with comforts for the crew.

Some Schools to Open

As soon as the schools have been protected against air-raids children over eleven will be enrolled for morning or afternoon attendance in alternate weeks in London.

All the bigger towns from which children have been evacuated are now permitted to take similar steps. Parents, however, are warned against bringing back the evacuees, partly because of the danger and partly because better education is available where the children are staying than in their home towns.

THINGS SEEN

A piece of cardboard fixed to the back of a bridal car in Manchester bearing these words: "Try a pact like this, Mr Hitler."

A horse in a trailer behind a car, spectacted to protect its eyes.

Six Polish refugees kissing the ground when their ship arrived in Fremantle.

A little sparrow sheltering from the wind inside a glove hanging on the line to dry.

A barrowful of apples outside a Hampshire farm with a notice inviting people to help themselves.

Will You Help the CN by Using This?

Children's Newspaper ORDER FORM

Please deliver the C N each week to

Name

Address

and charge to me

THE OLD LADY AND THE COW'S TAIL

Knitters in San Francisco are chuckling over this little tale.

Historians delving into the early history of California have discovered among the records the story of a blind Spanish grandmother living near Phoenix Lake who, as well as keeping her men folk supplied with socks, also kept the family cow supplied with tails!

It appears that the animal had lost its own tail and so had no defence against flies, and the old lady knitted two new woollen tails a year for it, which she tied to the stump of the original tail.

YOUNG DENMARK

Danish parents should have no difficulty in getting their children up in time to go to school this winter, for the youngsters are all being given an extra hour's sleep. To economise in electricity and coal all schools are to open at 9 o'clock instead of 8.

THE WALKING-STICK TORCH

The walking-stick has largely gone out of fashion, but an engineer has shown that it can be useful in our darkened streets. He has devised one that becomes a torch when tapped on the ground, a small electric lamp flashing white in front and red at the back. In the daytime the lamp is switched off.

MORE PIGEON NEWS

The other morning when it was raining cats and dogs in Washington a very wet carrier pigeon flew through the window of the office of American Airlines.

According to its tag the bird was racing to the New York World's Fair, and so the airmen took pity on the bedraggled flyer and gave him a lift by the next aeroplane leaving for New York, setting him free on his arrival there.

A pigeon which landed at Bolling Field, the American Army flying field, in an exhausted condition the other day and was taken to the Animal Rescue League is setting a very bad example to his fellow workers. He is a Long Island pigeon, but he refuses to go home. Nothing can persuade him to leave the kind people who befriended him.

SPRATS AT 8D

The catch of sprats this season is so enormous that fishing vessels have broken down in attempting to deal with them.

At Southwold a motor-drifter shipped so many that her engines broke down. The vessel was then taken in tow, but the rope broke and the drifter sank, restoring the sprats to the sea and sending the crew after them; fortunately all the men were saved.

We turn from this story of too many sprats to the streets of a well-known Surrey town, and find sprats ticketed 8d a pound. Something is wrong with the fish trade.

A MAN BUMPS INTO HIMSELF

Odd things happen in the Blackout. A C N reader on an errand the other night bumped into another man. "So sorry," said C N reader, apologetically, as he stepped aside, and as he did so the other man stepped aside too, and only then did it dawn on C N reader that the other man was himself, reflected in a plate glass window.

The Holy Child of Tibet

WHEN the old Dalai Lama of Tibet died some years ago his spirit, the Tibetans believe, passed into the body of a new-born child. For long the search for the child went on and then the Regent, who was governing the land in the interval, saw the child and his birthplace in a vision. Eventually, after many children had been seen, one was found who answered to the signs and tokens of the Regent's vision. This child has now gone to Lhasa from his home in far-away Koko Nor, and at Lhasa he received the homage of the Regent and other high officials in the Peacock Tent seen in the picture below.



NEW TYRES RUN ON OLD ONES

Queenslanders are motoring along roads paved with their old rubber tyres. New tyres are running on old ones!

The experiment of using old tubes with bitumen for road surfacing was first tried nine years ago, and has proved such a success that other roads of this kind are now under construction.

FOX TROT

We hear of a lawyer, of Pittsfield in Massachusetts who was sitting in his car in a wood enjoying the autumn tints and music on his wireless set.

He did not notice that a fox was creeping noiselessly out of the undergrowth till the animal jumped on to the running-board and listened to the music.

When the announcer's voice started to give the next item Reynard took fright and trotted back into the wood.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of November, 1914

A Hero at Home. There are heroes still at home. One of them was a newspaper boy, who was selling papers filled with the heroic stories of the war. On his way home he fell under a train and lost his leg. He was picked up, and snatching up a tram ticket, pressed it between his lips and began to whistle. Then he said to the porter who was taking him away, "My leg's off, guv'nor" and he continued to be lively until they reached the hospital, where he died. All this courage of a soldier was packed into the little heart of a boy of fourteen.

THE HIDDEN THEATRE

A surprise is in store for strollers in a beautiful park in Budapest.

If they are not careful they may walk right on to the stage of a unique open-air theatre.

This theatre, newly built, is a masterpiece of ingenuity. It has been built so that it blends in with the landscape. Hedges and grassy banks hide the cloakrooms and passageways, while the sources of light for the stage and auditorium, which seats 3500 people, are invisible, as is the orchestra.

A BRILLIANT RAINBOW

The younger members of the family will delight to meet their old friends Tiger Tim and his merry band of Bruin Boys in the Rainbow Annual, which has just come out again. This annual costs 3s 6d, and not only the boys and girls but their parents, too, will realise that it is cheap at the price, for it will provide months of enjoyment.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Cut off decayed leaves and stems of artichokes, and surround the plants with several inches of partly decomposed leaves to protect the crowns from frost. Remove all decayed leaves from sea-kale.

Plant shallots six inches apart in shallow drills one foot apart; if the soil is very wet defer planting until spring.

Sweep lawns, and collect leaves for making hot-beds and protecting half-hardy plants from the cold.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

If the war goes on we shall need flowers more than ever.

They help us to keep our faith. They make the world fragrant and beautiful.

Now is the time to plant for sweetness and colour at Christmas and after. If we are to have flowers early in the new year we ought to be planting bulbs now; it is time we were hiding rainbows in dark places, and if we are hoping to have a fine show of colour in the garden we may well be planning it now. To miss planting our bulbs because of the war is a mistake.

CARRYING COLD TO THE ARCTIC

The very idea of selling refrigerators to the Eskimos sounds as silly as taking coals to Newcastle, yet there is a great demand for refrigerators in Bethel, Alaska.

This is because the Eskimos receive all their supplies in the summer, and have to keep their perishable foods cool somehow or other.

THE STATE GOVERNESS

It is good to hear that in Australia the Victorian Government is seeing to it that all children over five who live more than six miles away from a school are to have governesses. The Government is paying subsidies of up to £5 a head towards the cost of these teachers.

A POSTER IN THREE LANGUAGES

Visitors to Harpenden are surprised to find outside the Methodist church a poster in English, French, and German.

It was the work of a German refugee, a woman who was in Pastor Niemöller's congregation in Berlin. She it was who used to take shorthand notes of Dr Niemöller's sermons, many of them being used during his defence while on trial.

The poster invites French and German to worship, and as there are a number of foreign residents and refugees in the neighbourhood it must be of considerable public interest.

AUTUMN TINTS

Where do the leaves get the colouring matter for their tender hues of fading? They have them always, but they are kept back by the green, or hidden under the green imparted to them by their green chlorophyll, which is their life fluid.

When the chlorophyll's life fluid begins to falter, and its purpose in using the rays of the sun to manufacture food for the plant is at an end, then the yellow, red, and purple dyes come into their own. They have no longer a powerful green competitor in the field.

AUSTRALIA'S HELEN KELLER

We have received a copy of the Braille Australian magazine from a C N reader, who tells us that its editor is deaf, dumb, and blind.

In spite of these terrible handicaps Miss Alice Bettridge, who is 30, writes all the leading articles for the magazine and is a professional knitter and typist!

THE BUS LIGHT

While passengers on many bus services have been asking for more light so that they can read, there are no such complaints on the Stalybridge, Hyde, Mossley, and Dukinfield routes. Here curtains are fitted to the windows with press studs and an ingenious doorway curtain enables the lights to be kept on so that passengers can read.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 25 1939

THE OLD ORDER
CHANGETH

A crowd had gathered in the park. They were watching an old giant fall. For two days men had been sawing at the base of the tree, and now the ropes were fixed, the veteran was swaying, and suddenly he fell.

We watched his fall, and a minute later we moved off with others who had stolen a minute or two from a busy day to see a tree come down. How many of us, we wondered, had ever spent half a minute watching a tree grow in strength and comeliness.

The thought took us by surprise. We suddenly felt how impressive can be the fall of a thing, how spectacular a piece of destruction may be. The newspapers are concerned with what is really the end of many things. The sinking of a ship strikes the imagination more than its slow building up.

It seems to us that we need to bear all this in mind. Always something is coming to an end, some useful life, some time-honoured institution, some custom which has served a useful purpose. Whatever destroys is almost always more impressive than what builds up; and as a rule whatever brings to an end is more widely known than what begins.

Our danger is that we come to think that life is wholly made up of the kind of news which suggests finality or disintegration, whereas the truth is that life is essentially a sequence of new beginnings, of new ways and new thoughts and new hopes. Organisations which today are of no account (and are presumed unworthy of a paragraph in the news) may one day be worldwide. A great man's passing may create a sensation, leaving us with a sense of irreparable loss; but in the hour of his passing there was probably born some great man to lead his people to nobler heights in years ahead. While the war menace grows, it may be that somewhere there is rising a strong, pure flame of peace.

How true it is that:

*The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,*

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

So the old tree falls, and we stand and stare, but few there are who go into the woods to mark how the saplings are every year becoming sturdier, and every day giving promise of a splendour yet to be.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

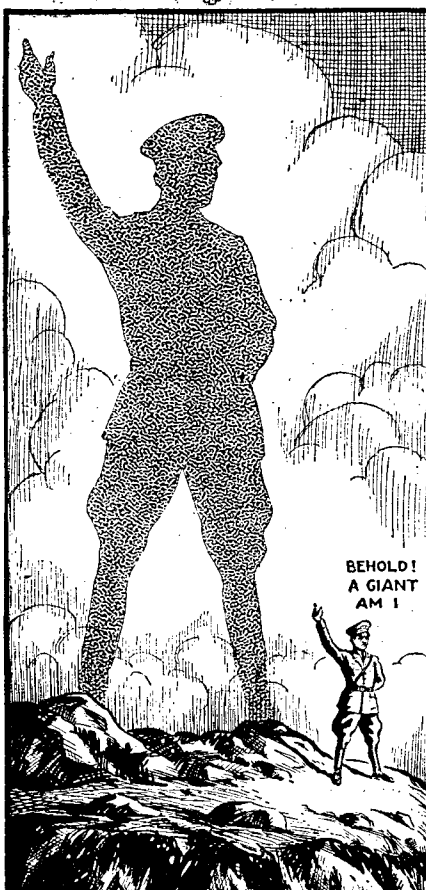


Airmen Are Brothers

THE Confraternity of the Sea is happily matched by the Confraternity of the Air.

The airmen of all nations are fine fellows; in peace and in war they are brothers, respecting each other's qualities, knowing each other's trials.

It is a pleasure to learn that the world's flying clubs are planning a scheme to exchange information about airmen missing in the war, so that relatives and friends should not be left in suspense.



The Spectre of the Broken—Modern version

The Marvellous Fuehrer

COULD there be anything in the world, we wonder, to speak more eloquently of the hopeless incompetence of Hitler as a ruler than the fact that he has produced a situation in which he has had to ban the circulation of his own book?

Goodbye To Jim?

THERE is no finer authority on names than Professor Weekley, whose new book on Christian names (entitled Jack and Jill) has just been published by John Murray.

What is of special interest is that Professor Weekley perceives a tendency to drop the use of pet names such as Tom, Dick, and Harry, Ed, Vi, and Jim. Girls and boys, in his opinion, now prefer to be known by their full names. We wonder if this is so? Is it to be goodbye to the old familiar nicknames? For ourselves, we seem to find that most of our Williams are called Will, Bill, or Billy.

Where is the Ambassador of Poland?

WHEN Poland was swallowed up by three despots in three mouthfuls towards the end of the 18th century, Turkey refused to recognise the act of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Consequently, whenever there were state ceremonies at the palace of the Sultan he was accustomed to ask, "Where is the ambassador of Poland?" The answer was always made in the same form: *The ambassador of Poland is on his way.*

After 150 years Poland was again put on the map at the end of the last Great War, and in Constantinople the question was asked in its usual form, but then the answer was given in a stentorian voice: *The Ambassador of Poland has arrived.*

Now Turkey once more refuses to recognise the partition of Poland, but, alas, not yet will the ambassador of Poland arrive.

The Breath of Life

Thank heaven for breath! yes, for mere breath! when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks: it would linger fondly around us, if it might; but since it must begone it embraces us with its whole kindly heart and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants to Know

THE Government should state its peace terms, says a writer. A long one would satisfy us.

MORE people are climbing the Monument lately. Numbers mount up.

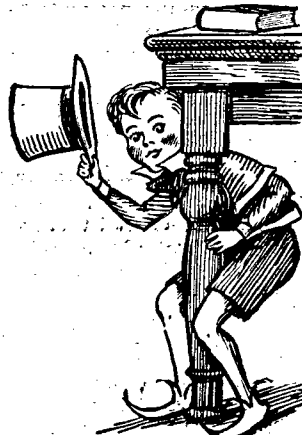
MUSIC is a good background for morning work. It is nice to know that somebody is playing.

BEEs quarrel with no one. All the same, they can give stinging replies.

STREET begging is on the increase in London. But nobody can give away a street.

THE Allies are making enormous strides in aviation. Expect the war to be a walk-over?

THERE has been a dispute over a war-song. The composer couldn't compose himself.



If army dentists do much drilling

These Bright Evenings

By the Pilgrim

AFTER she had shown us indoors, we said, "We're glad to find you at home. We called last night, but you were out."

"Yes," said the little lady, smiling. "It was my turn to grope."

We were puzzled.

"Oh, well," she explained, "it is these terribly dark evenings, you know. Mrs Stephenson and I live a few doors apart, and are both rather lonely, so we have arranged to visit each other on alternate evenings. Last night I groped my way in the dark to her house, and tonight she will be groping round to see me. It's a fair arrangement, you know; and, you see, the one who doesn't have to turn out in the dark prepares supper for both."

We had a suspicion that the two ladies were rather enjoying the black-out, and we said so. "Well," the little lady confessed, "I must admit we have happy times together, and I don't think it wicked, do you?"

Be Not Afraid

A well-known doctor sends us this note on fear and its relation to life and health.

WE all admire a brave man and pity or scorn a coward.

Fear turns a man into a poor and miserable creature. His knees shake, his voice trembles, his heart beats against his ribs, his judgment deserts him. Or, if the fear be more prolonged and intense, he loses his appetite, his sleep, his power of work. Not only so, but fear is the cause of many diseases.

It is well known that during great epidemics of plague and other destructive diseases those who are afraid are most likely to be affected simply because their hearts beat less regularly and vigorously, their digestive organs work feebly, and all the machinery of their bodies works less efficiently. All depressing emotions act in this way and increase liability to disease, but no emotion is so crippling as fear.

Men have differently constituted nerves, and are sensitive and imaginative in different degrees; and even brave men feel fear. But a brave man masters his fear and prevents it from mastering him. Self-control can conquer fear, and those who practise self-control will not only be happier and more capable, but also healthier than those who give way to fear and other painful and enfeebling emotions.

It Returns Again

My hopes retire, my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain;

The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore,
The shore repels it, it returns again.

Walter Savage Landor

JUST AN IDEA

He shows the way
Whose heart is light
On darkest day
Or blackest night.

The Wilderness Shall Smile

Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

O, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase:
They come! They come! How fair
their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant, deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lambs shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nestling from the nest.

John Ruskin.

Here a Little Child I Stand

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all.

Robert Herrick

The Lustre of Your Name

BORN, as you are, citizens of a great
State, and brought up, as you have
been, with habits equal to your birth,
you should be ready to face the greatest
disasters, and still to keep unimpaired
the lustre of your name.

The hand of Heaven must be borne
with resignation, that of the enemy with
fortitude. Remember that if your country
has the greatest name in all the
world it is because she never bent before
disaster.

Do not betray any sign of being
oppressed by your present sufferings,
since they whose minds are least sensi-
tive to calamity, and whose hands are
most quick to meet it, are the greatest
men of the greatest communities.

Pericles to the Ancient Greeks.

OLD HUNDREDTH

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice:

Him serve with fear, his praise forth
tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name
always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe

William Blake's Good Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he
strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful, while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is
nigh.

William Blake



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

This is a true story of one of the great physicians of our time.

THE old schoolmaster and his wife sat
side by side not long ago in the
consulting-room of a great London
physician, waiting for the verdict.

They were very poor, but their
doctor in the country had told them
that if they wanted to save their
child's life they must take her to see
a great physician. He had also said,
"I will tell him you cannot afford
high fees."

The physician came into the room.
"Well," he said, "I have examined
your child. She can be saved, but
she must have an operation—at once."

The great physician saw the hands
of the parents go out to one another
and clasp at the side of their chairs;
and the father said, "May we be
alone together?" The physician
withdrew. When he returned he saw
they had been crying, and the father
asked, with a stammering tongue,
what this operation would cost.

"Oh, don't you bother about
that!" said the doctor. "She will
have the king's surgeon to operate,
the king's anaesthetist to give the
chloroform, she will go into the best
nursing-home in London, and I shall
visit her twice a day till she is well
enough to go home. Shall we say it

will cost nothing at all? Then we
shall all be pleased."

The parents were staggered. Was
it really true? Of course it was true!
But—but— They looked at one
another, and whispered together. Then,
once more, Might they be alone?

The physician left them again, and
on his return the father said, "We
think we ought to tell you that our
child's godmother left her £300, to be
given to her when she comes of age,
and we feel that the lawyer would
probably allow us to—"

"How dare you!" cried the doctor,
pretending to be indignant. "How
dare you propose to me anything so
wicked as robbing your own child?
Don't let me hear another word. The
bill is paid and receipted. All that is
settled."

The great physician did not tell
them he had settled it when he saw
their hands go out to one another in
their sorrow for their little one.

Then, at last, the old couple gave
way in their sorrow and their grati-
tude; not their hands but their lips
were now together, and tears poured
down their cheeks. They took up the
doctor's hand, and first the mother
kissed it and then the father, and there
were tears in the eyes of the great
physician.

Her Fame Shall Mount on Wings

WIDE as the world our bounds are wide,
But if our hearts be true,
What England's done is naught beside
What England yet shall do!
Her fame shall mount on ampler wing,
Her sun more glorious shine;
Up with the flag of Peace and bring
The whole world into line!

The King who bade his people Wake
A goodly dawn shall hail;
The Years of Man flow on to make
The Will of God prevail:
Peace on the earth, goodwill, and joy!
Who asks the how and when?
Man may disgrace but not destroy
The Brotherhood of Men!

We see a shining light, we hear
A music at the door,
Bright angels of the Lord appear
With tidings for the poor:

An end to bitter want and woe,
An end to hate and strife,
The least of all mankind shall know
The blessed joy of life!

O Island Home, where Alfred dreamed,
And Wycliffe's soul did pray,
Where Cromwell's host to battle streamed
And Hampden stood at bay:
Thy cliffs are strong, thy rose is sweet,
Thy woods, thy hills are fair,
O strong and tender, make us meet
To breathe thy sacred air!

Our fathers wrought for wealth and
might,
Far did their war-drums roll;
Ours, with their fortitude, to fight
The battles of the soul!
For us shall come no eventide,
No age of wreck and rue,
What England's done is naught beside
What England yet shall do!

The Three Rights of the Men of London

THE three rights secured by the
men of London from William the
Conqueror were these:

Every man had the rights of freemen;
Every man was allowed to inherit his
father's estate;
The king would suffer no man to do
them wrong.

Now, these liberties, and others
that have sprung from them, we have
enjoyed so long that they have be-
come part of ourselves. They are
like the air we breathe. When an
Australian or an American builds a
new town he brings with him, without
thinking of it, the right to trial by
jury, the right of inheritance, the
right of owning no master but the
State. We cannot understand a

condition of society in which these
rights could be withheld.

Picture to yourself, if you can, a
country in which the king imposed
his own judges upon the people;
who ordered them to sentence, fine,
banish, and do what they pleased,
without any power of appeal; who
made, in his own interest, his own
laws without consulting anyone; who
seized their estates at their death and
gave the heirs what he pleased, as
much or as little; who handed them
over to be the prey of a feudal lord,
who only suffered them to live in
order that he might rob them.

That was the position of a feudal
lord, but it was never the position of
London.

Sir Walter Besant

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper

The Giant Goes Fishing

HIS angle rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms
ne'er broke;

His hook he baited with a dragon's
tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for
whale.

William King

WHAT HE MUST DO

I AM not bound to win, but I am bound
to be true. I am not bound to
succeed, but I am bound to live up to
what light I have. I must stand with
anybody that stands right; stand with
him while he is right, and part with him
when he goes wrong. Abraham Lincoln.

The Arrow and the Song

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Longfellow

The Laughing and the Weeping

WHEN a friend laughs it is for him
to disclose the subject of his
joy; when he weeps it is for me to
discover the cause of his sorrow.

Joseph Francois Desmaitis

Life Has No More to Give

SAY not, because he did no wondrous
deed,
Amassed no worldly gain,
Wrote no great book, revealed no
hidden truth,

Perchance he lived in vain;
For there was grief within a thousand
hearts
The hour he ceased to live:
He held the love of women and of men:
Life has no more to give!

Charlotte Becker

MY HEART LEAPS UP

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die.
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth

The Colour of the Great White World

THE members of the Byrd Expedition will not be able to exaggerate when they tell their families just how cold it was at the South Pole.

The American Bureau of Standards is supplying the expedition with 42 electric resistance thermometers which will give the temperature even when it is 95 degrees below zero!

There may be days when the ice will be too hard to dig holes in which to place the thermometers, so electric heating devices are being taken along for melting holes.

Mr Leland Curtis, an artist accompanying the expedition, has been living

in a chilly atmosphere for the last few months. He has been mixing paints in a refrigerator, trying to make an oil paint that would not change colour or lose its fluidity in icy weather. Now at last he has succeeded in developing paint that will stand up to 80 degrees below zero.

He will go about on skis, carrying brushes and small canvases about 12 by 15 inches on his back. Although most people are under the impression that everything is white at the South Pole, Mr Curtis says there is so much colour there that he is taking with him every shade under the sun.

SHALL WE ALWAYS WORK?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy: Work seems to me a harsh word.

The Man: But it no longer sounds harsh when we think of its noble meaning. Life without work is dull.

Boy: But work can hardly seem noble for people who have to labour at heavy tasks for many hours of the day.

Man: Even for the day labourer there is the joy of knowing that his home is sustained by his exertions, but admittedly the lot of many workers is not to be envied; especially when the task consists of dull repetitions, or of exhausting toil.

Boy: That is what I mean. It is so fine to make things—good, beautiful, useful things—but it doesn't seem fine merely to make little bits of things, or to haul heavy goods, or to stoke a boiler.

Man: But heavy and irksome work has to be done if society is to possess fine things. For example, we all, rich and poor, use bridges, but bridges cannot be built without the performance of very hard physical work.

Boy: But must certain people be told off to do the dull, heavy work while others do the pleasant work?

Man: There is good hope that that will not always be so. Inventions are substituting mechanical power for exhausting labour. Then there is the suggestion that what unpleasant work a society needs should be shared instead of being made the sole duty of a few. But let us consider the development of work from the beginning. Let me ask you a question: *Do wild animals work?*

Boy: They seem to live without work in the sense that a man works to earn his living.

Man: Your answer is a true one, for you recognise that the animal has to exert itself to live, while you also see that it does not work to order. Animals can only live if they obtain food, and often they have to work hard to get it. A great part of a wild bird's life is spent in searching for food. A tit has to make hundreds of journeys a day to keep its young ones fed, and in the winter we see him hard put to it to get food. He has to work or starve.

Boy: But it is so different. The animal has not to keep hours, to do what it is told to do, or to please a master.

Man: If you consider the case of the animal clearly, you will see that it roams over a certain region, and the food available in that region serves to keep so many of its kind alive. The species does not increase in number, for there is just so much to sustain life of various kinds. Many young ones are

bred, but most of them die because more food is not available. A pair succeeds a pair; the rest die. The blue tit's family is eight or ten, and if they all lived the air would soon be thick with tits, but nearly all of them perish.

Boy: How does that bear on work as done by man?

Man: In this way. Man will not let his children die as the tit has to do. He cultivates the ground and causes much grain to grow where little grew before. He domesticates animals, and causes them to increase. He supplies them with his cultivated food and so produces great flocks and herds. He makes fine shelters, as the animal cannot do, and so beats the weather where the animal perishes.

Boy: And so he makes work for himself! I see what you mean.

Man: Yes, he makes work by thinking out what contrivances can best keep people alive and comfortable. So he passes from device to device, from invention to invention, until a great town appears, housing a hundred-thousand or a million people, which calls for great works to be done, and not only done but maintained. In this town you will find manifold contrivances which are not necessary to life at all, but are made to give pleasure and delight. These we call luxuries, and in our time such things have become common. The people who attend to such things have to be fed and sustained, and we realise how the mass of work to be done multiplies. But for the invention of machines it could not be done.

Boy: And will not the point arise at which machines will reduce the very hard labour?

Man: Undoubtedly that point has already arrived. Hard and unenjoyable work is decreasing, and we may hope that in another generation or two mankind will not only use inventions wisely but find better ways of sharing the work that has to be done and the goods produced by that work. But always work will remain—the work that must be done—the work that, under proper conditions, is the very life of men.

The Grasshoppers Go Gay

A shock is in store for farmers in Minnesota. Any day now they may see hordes of purple or bright yellow grasshoppers in their cornfields.

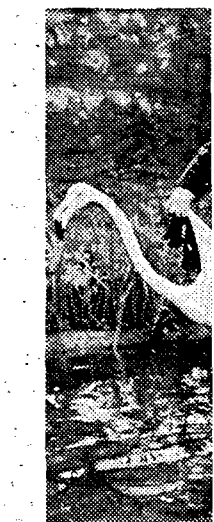
They will not be a new species of the pests, but are ordinary grasshoppers disguised by the State Department of Agriculture to learn where grasshoppers migrate. Entomologists have sprayed batches of the pests with coloured lacquer and turned them loose, asking the farmers to notify the Department should they come across them.



Somewhere in Cornwall—A little London evacuee helps to gather in the harvest of anemones



Pictures on the Wall—A sister brightening the nurses' recreation-room of a London hospital



The Reluctant Flamingo—a flamingo to leave the

Spreading Out the Waters on the Land

RUSSIA is winning crops from former barren regions in some of the Central Asian Republics of the Soviet Union.

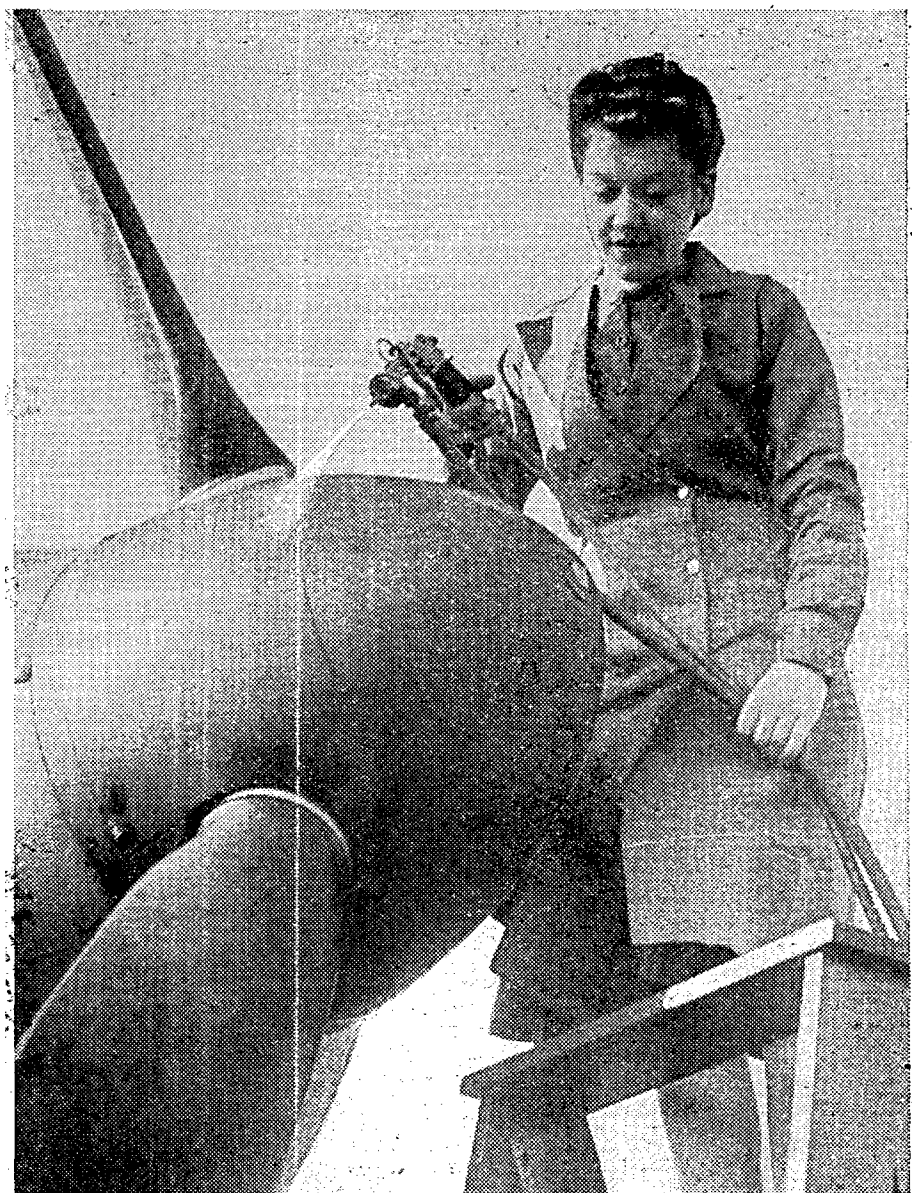
Rivers are being made to send out their waters along newly-made canals; as many as 30 of these new waterways are now in course of excavation, and they will eventually give their beneficent waters to a million and a quarter acres of land.

Already 74,200 acres in Kazakhstan and Kirghizia have been planted with cotton, fruit, vines, and other crops, the waters of the River Chu being used for irrigation. In Western Siberia

200 miles of canals are being excavated to carry the waters of the River Alei to bring life to 27,500 acres of steppes. Sugar beet is the crop to be grown in this area.

A floating pumping station is supplying water from the River Bolshoi Irgiz to the fields of a large area in the Pugachev district of Saratov Province; while a mountain lake in Azerbaijan is being tapped to water 70,000 acres in the neighbouring lowlands.

And so the tale goes on in other parts of Soviet Russia, where 16 new irrigation systems will be brought into operation this year.



The Finishing Touch—A girl worker in an aircraft factory spraying paint on a new training machine



A Zoo keeper persuades for warmer quarters



Nine in a Row—Schoolgirls at Carshalton in Surrey busy knitting shawls for the winter

A Shooting Star's Voyage

SHOOTING stars of these months are being scrutinised with more than usual attention, because of the new instrument invented by Dr F. L. Whipple that is being turned on them.

By this remarkable instrument Dr Whipple is able to calculate the temperature of the belt of atmosphere through which these meteors pass, when its friction lights them up to incandescence. A telescope camera lens is employed to photograph the streak of light these tiny bodies, often no larger than a stick of chalk, make in their passage at the rate of several miles a second.

In front of the lens is a four-blade fan revolving at such a rate that when the meteor flashes across the field of view

its fiery path is broken up at measured intervals in the photograph. By examination of this broken tract the speed of the meteor, when it begins to burn, and its slackening pace as the friction of the atmosphere gets to work can be ascertained. From these results it is possible to calculate the temperature along its path of 30 to 60 miles.

Dr Whipple finds that at a height of 38 miles the temperature of the atmosphere has risen to 100 degrees Centigrade, the boiling point of water. It begins to change from the extreme cold the airmen find at 20,000 feet, when the stratosphere of 9 to 11 miles is reached, and there, instead of continuing to fall, the temperature is believed to begin to rise once more.

Have the Apes a Keen Sense of Taste?

EXPERIMENTS have been made by the Director of the Zoo and other naturalists to ascertain whether the higher apes have a keen sense of taste.

The experimenters, who began on the chimpanzees, did not try them very high. They tested them with a harmless chemical of which the doses could be made bitter, slightly bitter, or very bitter.

The first welcome sign of getting better from a cold is to detect anything bitter. Human beings can be divided into two groups—those who readily detect bitterness and those who cannot; and one of the objects of Dr Julian Huxley's tests was to find how far the higher apes resemble ourselves in this.

They found that rather more than a third of the score of chimpanzees tested could not taste bitterness, for they gave no evidence of detecting it, whereas their companions gave lively signs of distaste. There were fewer orang-utans that could be tested, but only one, the Zoo's well-known Jacqueline, was a non-taster.

To these experiments we may add another from a private zoo, where a popular female chimpanzee has lately been blessed with a baby. Before the infant chimpanzee was born the mother ate meat and even drank beer when it was offered. Now she has become a vegetarian and a teetotaler.

THE MIGHTY ARMIES OF MEN DOWN IN THE EARTH

Secret of the Quiet on the Western Front

ALL the world has been saying that there has been no war so bewildering as this, so lacking in major operations, or marked by such prolonged tranquillity.

Very mystifying to the uninstructed has been the apparent inactivity of the immense air forces arrayed one against another. That of Germany, we remember the Nazis to have boasted, was to come over and deliver an irresistible knock-out blow to us in the opening days of hostilities.

The bewilderment occasioned by so much comparative quiet on the Western Front proceeds from the fact that the war is being conducted on lines entirely new and novel.

Winter Quarters

When we read of the great Continental wars down to Marlborough's times we note with surprise that, with the coming of autumn, the armies were to a great extent withdrawn from the fighting lines, to pass the time safe and snug in winter quarters, and then to pitch tents anew in the spring and resume fighting for the summer along lines which had been secured in the preceding quiet months.

Caesar conducted his wars in the same way, and we marvel, as we read his Commentaries, at the audacious manner in which he thinned his winter lines about his fortresses, and the distances to which he sent his superfluous troops for food, rest, and sanctuary. Such was the plan pursued by military men through century after century.

But as towns grew, and populations increased, modifications were introduced. Fortresses sprang from isolated structures to wide defensive areas, fort linked to fort, each commanding stretches of country so that guns from many angles could search and sweep. This enabled greater forces to remain in position for the winter, and all was constantly ready for defence or sortie.

With the Great War of 1914, however, a revolution came. The Germans employed guns of such immense calibre that no fortifications could long withstand them; and our own forces, thrust back from Mons, discovered that it was fatal to fall back on fortresses for defence. The enemy guns could batter down the fortress works, and attacking troops in superior

numbers could surround the site while others pushed on past it, leaving the beleaguered army surrounded, cut off from supplies and assistance. So our forces avoided fortresses and kept to the open, and survived to fight again.

With the exception of Verdun, which was a vast fortified zone, every great fortress that was attacked fell to the assailants, and it seemed that the day of the strongholds, that had prevailed so long, had at last passed.

Yet it is the fortress, many times multiplied in strength, that is the stumbling-block on both sides in this war. The Maginot and Siegfried Lines are vast stretches of fortresses, with immense subterranean works in which are arsenals of munitions, food stores, and living and sleeping quarters for huge numbers of men, the whole linked together by electric railways.

The outcome is that, although the scene appears deserted to the observer above ground, scores of thousands of men are in each series of fortifications, living in relative peace and comfort, yet ready at any moment for conflict.

A War of Movement

In 1914 war began as a war of movement with great forces of all arms swinging and swaying, advancing and retreating, over a battlefield of vast area. The elastic phase passed, both sides dug in, and we had a war of fixed positions, of entrenched men opposed to entrenched men, until in March 1918 the Germans burst into the open once more, to what they thought was an easy victory, though it proved, after eight terrible months, overwhelming defeat and calamity.

This time both sides begin the war in the strongest fortresses ever seen, steel and concrete, fortresses not simply covering a city or a centre of communications, but each stretching, without a break, for over 200 miles.

It is as if the gnomes of one mountain range challenged the gnomes of another mountain range to a combat for which each side would neither risk the hazard of frontal attack nor sacrifice the advantage of position by giving up its impregnable defences for a costly battle in the open.

The two armies have so far been like hermit crabs, invulnerable in their defensive covering, but exposed to the direst peril if they leave it.

THE TRAITOR UPSTAIRS

He Lets in Jack Frost

The Metropolitan Water Board, sharing the common concern over air raid precautions, has issued a valuable leaflet telling us what to do in the event of pipes being fractured, and how best to safeguard the house in advance against such a contingency.

One point stressed by the Board concerns the storage cistern, which every house must have up in the rafters to guarantee a temporary supply owing to the interruption of service from the mains.

This cistern, the Board rightly insists, should be covered as a protection against frost and contamination. Such a provision should be enforced when a house is built, but is not, for architects as well as builders are frequently indifferent to such things, and highly incompetent. The cistern is, as a rule, stowed away in the coldest part of the house, in the space between ceilings and rafters, with a little window usually left open.

Exposed to the weather, the water in the tank freezes, as do the inlet and outlet pipes attached to it, with the result that the house below may be flooded when the thaw comes.

It is high time that our building bye-laws insisted that no house should pass into private possession until these tanks are securely wrapped to keep out frost.

Bombay Becomes India's Biggest City

Bombay residents woke up the other morning to find that their city had grown overnight and had become India's biggest city.

For 20 years the city had dreamed of a Greater Bombay, and there was much rejoicing when they were at last able to start their scheme by amalgamating six suburban municipalities. Now the new city will have elbow room to expand along modern town-planning lines.

The beautiful bathing beach of Juhu, and many acres of delightful hills and woodlands, have now become part of Bombay, as well as the Jogeshwari Caves and the Marol Caves. The main Jogeshwari cave, which dates from the eighth century, is a rare relic of one of the old Buddhist monasteries.

Some of the newly-acquired suburbs are disease-ridden, insanitary, and infested with criminals, and one of the achievements of Greater Bombay will be to make it sweet and clean and worthy of its place in the Empire.

Your Old Scrap Iron

The Iron and Steel Control (care of The Ministry of Supply, London, S.W.) sends out an urgent appeal for the collection of scrap iron. We hope that all firms using iron and steel and all local authorities will help to collect it. It is not that there is any present scarcity of raw material for the steel furnaces, but it is necessary to look ahead. An acceleration of scrap supplies from the regular sources, and a thorough clearing out of otherwise neglected dumps, will reduce the scrap that must be imported, thereby easing demands on shipping.

Peter Rabbit Pops Up

The picture on a Christmas Card should please at least two people, the sender and the receiver, and we are sure this will be true for every child who sends or receives the Peter Rabbit series this year. Miss Beatrix Potter has designed a delightful set of Peter pictures for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and the Cards may be obtained for 2d. each, in an envelope, from the Association's secretary, Itchen Stoke Manor, Alresford. Our readers have helped this good cause generously in the past and we hope they will help again in this very difficult year.

100 King's Boys Do a Great Thing

THE OLDEST SCHOOL IN ENGLAND HAS RENEWED ITS YOUTH

Two noble spectacles have been revealed to this generation so sorely tried by war and the sorrow that comes in its train.

St Paul's Cathedral was a few years ago revealed in the full beauty that had not been seen this century, and now the same is true of Canterbury Cathedral, whereby hangs a tale.

It happened that steps were taken to preserve our Mother Cathedral and that cartloads of earth were drawn through the great west door, through the nave, and heaped on the floor of the choir. Never had this generation seen a sight so melancholy in these sacred precincts; yet who of us so far away can say what the Dean and Chapter of so great a place should have done in this dire peril?

What now has happened is that the earth has been removed and the cathedral is itself again; but it is the story of how this has been done that we wish to tell, for it is something to inspire us with the love and hope of our Young England.

Where Chaucer Slept

The cathedral has been cleaned by the boys of King's School, and it is declared that never for three centuries has it had such a cleaning. King's School has grown up with the cathedral and is the oldest school in England. The Editor of the C N has talked to the boys in a room in which Chaucer must have slept, for it was the old dormitory of the pilgrims, and the Norman stairs up which they climbed are there today.

And King's School has in our own time witnessed a transformation of its own under the headmastership of Canon Shirley; it has renewed its youth like the eagle, and we do not wonder that the boys have caught the inspiration of their master and have set their mark on the cathedral in whose shadow they live and move and have their being.

One hundred of these enthusiastic scholars rolled up their sleeves like workmen for England. They gave the floors of the vast nave a double scrub. They cleaned down the walls. They polished the old woodwork. They made the brass shine like the gold of Solomon's Temple. They brightened the marble till you could almost see your face in it. A friend tells us that he saw Canon Shirley himself polishing the massive lectern as if he were paid a penny a day for doing it, like some labourer in the monastery 700 years ago.

Cleaner Than Ever

And today, in the midst of our solemn fears and wonderings, Canterbury Cathedral is as we all love to see it again—and better and cleaner and lovelier than most of us have ever seen it.

So it is that we are moved to beg our readers to remember in thanksgiving these boys who have done this thing for us, for their great school is in dire need and is appealing for £100,000.

The fund was doing well and was on the way to £20,000 when war crashed into our life and put an end to so much noble work. We hope it will not put an end to Canterbury's old school, for more than ever it is needed now.

St Augustine, who found Christianity already with a church on this spot when he came, founded the School 1300 years ago; within it we stand at the shrine of the foundation of Christianity in our land, and by the well-spring of education within it. Not so long ago the ancient School was in danger of falling down, cracks were appearing in its walls, and more significant cracks in its usefulness.

Pride and Loyalty

But all this decay was arrested when Canon Shirley took King's School in hand. He repaired, he rebuilt, he brought back lost prestige, and he brought up the numbers of the boys. With the material restoration of the School marched the renewal of its former pride of scholarship and its ancient loyalty to its traditions. The number of its scholars is increasing, and two recent events in the life of this remarkable school bear witness to its vitality.

Part of a 700-year-old building, which had been variously used as a porter's lodge, a class-room, and a tuckshop, has been converted into the school chapel, and last month the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated this shrine, linking the continuity of the Church and the School through more than a thousand years of history.

The other recent event we have in mind was the organisation by the scholars of a service in the cathedral in connection with the Youth Movement. The service was entirely arranged by the boys, and was an impressive event, moving the Archbishop, with that golden eloquence of which he is a master, to affirm the reality of the School's antiquity. No other school could boast such a record, he said. It took them back to the days of St Augustine, of whom the Archbishop was proud to speak as the saint's 95th successor.

Great Traditions

No school, as Dr Lang said, has a site so noble or so inspiring. Roman and Saxon, Dane and Norman, have stood by the sacred place where it is cradled. History flows by it. The Normans built the magnificent outdoor stairway in the Green Court by which King's boys may reach their school. It leads to a dormitory where Chaucer would have slept, and to a room where Christopher Marlowe, and after him one of England's most famous physicians, William Harvey, learnt Latin and Greek.

Such is King's. Such is the spirit of its master and its boys. Such is your opportunity and mine: A guinea, please, or five hundred guineas, for the oldest school in England, King's School, Canterbury, for the making of kings among men.

BLACKOUT IDEAS

Christmas is Coming

Christmas is coming, and it is worth while to remember that the challenge of Christmas may perhaps make us busy in the Blackout.

Now is the time to plan our Christmas campaign, and for thousands of boys and girls the weeks between now and the year's end ought to be busily employed.

A wartime Christmas means that toys will be dearer and scarcer. There is no doubt many homes will be darkened by the absence of a father or a brother who will not be able to share in the Christmas festivities. All this is a challenge to every bright boy and girl to do what he or she can to make Christmas as happy as possible.

It is not too soon to begin writing Christmas letters, to be left in a safe place so that when Christmas is nearer they may be sent off in good time.

It is not too soon to begin thinking of the people to whom we may take a little Christmas cheer, people who might easily be forgotten if we did not remember them. Most of us know some lonely woman, or some old man who has no relatives or friends, and it is a lovely thing to think about them beforehand so that the spirit of Christmas may find its way into their lives.

It is not too soon to begin making Christmas presents. Now that the Blackout nights are with us in earnest, it is a delight to do something with our hands. Girls might dress dolls. Boys might sharpen their knives or set to work with scissors and paste to make toy aeroplanes, or a model theatre, or a wooden railway platform, or some simple mechanical toy—a windmill with sails, for example. It is astonishing what a clever boy or girl can do with wood or cardboard, scissors or knives, paste and paint—and patience.

Christmas this year will be what we make it. It is our business to prepare in good time, for by so doing we make a happy time for others, and so also for ourselves.

An Old Lady's Little Book

The Well of Life. By Beatrice Mary Walker. Wildblood and Ward, Leeds. 4s 6d.

We have been turning the pages of this little book of recollections by a lady who was born in the heart of the Yorkshire moors and has lived most of her life in Leeds.

In a way it is the most casual of books, yet it moves one strangely, and the reason is its reverence for all that humanity means.

Miss Beatrice Mary Walker, the author, has come to realise the deep truth of Wordsworth's immortal lines:

*Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.*

So she would kindle in us all a love of our birthplace (street or byway, mansion or hut), for the place where we first breathed the breath of life is sacred, giving to each of us the chance to make history.

Miss Walker makes no claim to make history, but this is the kind of book that is invaluable to the future historian of our social life, and not the least valuable pages in it are those which show the spirit of the men and women of the English-speaking race in the epic period from 1914, particularly of the writer's own county of York.

C N ANIMAL STRIP

TWELVE HORNED HEADS

INDIAN BUFFALO
INDIAN RHINOCEROSWHITE ORYX
ARGALIFALLOW DEER
WALLACHIAN SHEEPSABLE ANTELOPE
BLACK RHINOCEROSWATERBUCK
HARTEBESTEBUSHBUCK
BONTEBOKDoes the Bee Really Work
Very Hard?

There is no more industrious creature in Nature than the bee. In an ordinary hive there are about 18,000 bees, and these weigh something like 37 pounds. Yet they will manufacture from twenty to fifty pounds of honey in a year, their material being collected from myriads of flowers over a wide area. The industry of the bee is indeed amazing, for it has been reckoned that to make a single ounce of honey it visits about 200,000 flowers. It is the most indefatigable of afternoon callers, and when we remember that the wing of the bee makes 190 movements a second we realise that the amount of energy expended every day must be immense.

Why Have Coins Thick Edges?

We may not have noticed that all our coins, from a farthing to half-a-crown, have thick edges. We can see this best in new coins, for as they are used the extra thickness—that is, the raised edge all round on either side—gets worn down, and the design is also worn. This explains the reason for the raised edge, which is to protect the design from getting

rubbed away as the coins knock one against another while in general use. This thickening of the edge may seem a small thing, but were there no thickening the design would disappear in probably a tenth of the time that it takes to wear away at present.

Why Does Cold Weather Make
Our Hands Blue?

Even in a healthy person we notice that the colour varies a good deal. The same person is sometimes red in the face as well as blue in the hands, and at other times neither one nor the other. So we might extend this question and ask: Why does the same person change colour in different circumstances?

The answer is that the colour of the skin at any given moment depends upon the kind and amount of blood circulating in the skin at that moment. The blood is the source of all the colour we notice in people. In the absence of enough blood the face and lips look white or pale. When there is a rush of bright red blood

to the surface, as when a person is taking violent exercise, the skin appears red from the expanding of the smallest arteries; when the skin is exposed to severe cold the opposite happens. The arteries contract and contain less red blood, and the veins expand and contain more of the purplish, impure blood. Further, as the veins of the hands and limbs are nearer the surface than the arteries they are more easily seen, and the bluish colour of the blood shows through and tints the skin when it is cold. If the hands are vigorously rubbed, or exercise taken to stimulate circulation, the blood assumes its normal course once more and the blueness disappears.

What is an Electric Fuse?

A fuse is a wire made of an alloy of tin and lead to prevent fires being caused by the heat produced when a short circuit takes place. A piece of wire is introduced into the circuit, and if more than a safe amount of current passes the metal becomes so hot that it melts, leaves a gap in the wire, and so interrupts the flow of electricity.

How Close to Us Are the
Stars?

The nearest star to the Sun is one which is so faint that only the telescopes of an observatory can find it, and its light takes four years to come to the Earth. The bright Alpha Centauri, a little farther away, is not in the same direction. The next nearest star to the Earth, flaming Sirius, the Dog Star, is twice as far away. Vega, another bright star, in summer overhead, is six times as far, the Pole Star more than eleven times as distant.

These distances between stars are typical throughout the whole assemblage of them. Nowhere can the stars be found or imagined to be any nearer to one another, and they may be even more solitary. If we imagine each star to be enclosed in a square box of space, each side of this box would be eight light-years long. A light-year is six million million miles. Consequently every star throughout the stellar universe is at least 48 million million miles from its nearest neighbour, and may be thought of as a shining lamp in a box whose sides are 48 million million miles in length.

TALES OF LAST TIME

AN American battleship, the Tennessee, lay in harbour at Havre when a British transport swung down on the tide, her decks thronged with soldiers.

She drew abreast of the black war vessel with its long grim funnels—very solemn and stately between pilot and following tugs. The fluttering Stars and Stripes at the stern-post of the American dipped in greeting—a greeting that spoke (or so it seemed) a full and friendly sympathy. For this was the week of Mons.

Suddenly there broke forth from all these decks that grandest of all our war songs:

*When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain . . .*

And then an amazing thing happened. The gallant American sailors took up the chorus:

*Rule, Britannia,
Britannia, rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.*

AUBREY GREY gave up what seemed his only chance of preserving his own life to save a comrade in the war. During an engagement with the

German Navy he had been seriously wounded in the leg, but he forgot his own troubles when he saw a brother officer in the water, at the point of drowning. The weather was bitterly cold and a heavy sea was running, but Grey jumped in, reached Lieutenant Walters, and swam with him to a raft a quarter of a mile away. There was only one place left on the raft, and Grey hoisted his friend on to it. He might have climbed on too and squeezed in among the other survivors, but he feared that to do so would endanger the raft. He was half-frozen and exhausted from pain and loss of blood, but he swam away from this only hope of safety and went to meet what he must have believed to be certain death. Happily he was picked up, still alive.

A BOY in the French ranks fell asleep one night, and his head moved till it rested on the knee of his captain. The captain remained with his knee in a cramped position till it was time for the advance. Then, very gently, he stroked the head of the private soldier, and said to him as the boy roused, "Come, my child, it is time we did something for our country, you and I."

Thank God For the British Fleet

WE can eat almost anything we want today, and it is to God and the British Fleet that we owe our daily food.

The ships of the Fleet police the seas for us, keeping open every ocean highway so that food and raw materials may come from every quarter of the globe.

They maintain our Army at the Front; they feed and arm our garrisons throughout the Empire; they carry supplies of coal and other indispensable commodities to our Allies and to neutral nations by making themselves responsible for the gallant merchantmen in whose holds and bunkers cargoes and coal are stored.

Although war is in progress, so, too, is our trade, and it is the Navy that brings home the materials our manufacturers convert into merchantable goods and takes the machines and fabric to their destined markets.

They are the shepherds of the ocean, these heroic men of our Navy; the merchant ships are their flock, to be guarded against wolves that ply their cruel traffic in the unseen depths.

The German submarines were to starve and beggar us, according to Nazi propaganda, and admittedly they have dealt blows that have made us wince; but though the struggle with them is constant and will be continuous, the fact remains that, such is the triumphant vigilance of our ships that we have no more shortage of fats, sugar, meat, tea, coffee, cocoa, and other essentials of day-to-day diet than in the halcyon days of peace.

Contrast the lot of our own country with that of Germany under the Nazi gangsters. The Germans have little wool for clothing, scarcely any fats for food or soap, and not even Hitler can have a cup of coffee.

The British Navy, in spite of submarines and aerial bombers, stands astride the seas, bringing unto us abundance and keeping out of Germany every item of foodstuffs and materials capable of serving warlike ends.

If we are well supplied today with food and clothing and all our needs, the British Navy is responsible for it all. Never has there been another navy like it in the history of the world.

FRANK BRANGWYN PROTESTS Is His Lovely Village in Danger?

In all Englishmen's eyes Sussex is a fair place, a Garden by the Sea, and in its different way a garden city is a fair place too, so that it might seem a strange thing for them to be out of sympathy with each other.

But a proposal to develop 700 acres of land near Ditchling is meeting with some opposition, and Mr Frank Brangwyn, whose home is here, declares that it is impossible to turn a village into a garden city of 2800 houses and 10,000 inhabitants without entirely destroying its character.

Well, it is certain that no beautiful place could have a worthier champion than Mr Brangwyn, and we ourselves feel disposed to side with him (and to fight almost to the last ditchling), arguing that a lovely garden can indeed be spoiled by a fine summerhouse being set down haphazard in the wrong corner. All who know Ditchling will agree that it has a character worth preserving. This is how we read its praises in Arthur Mee's Book of Sussex:

It lies in the shadow of one of the highest peaks of the South Downs, a quaint old place with a street winding down the hill, with lovely timbered cottages, the gabled old house of Anne of Cleves by the church gate, and hundreds of acres of common land about it all.

In the timbered house with its Tudor chimneys, its outside stairway, and its

clustering roofs lived the simple Anne who for a few months was Queen of England. It is thought the first house on the site of hers may have been built by Alfred, who held the manor here.

Older still is the witness of the Long Ago at the top of the hill, where is all that is left of a British camp with a sunken track running 800 feet up to it.

Even those who motor past can see three things we must not miss in Ditchling. There is the striking living V of trees planted to celebrate the jubilee of the Victorian Era; there is the fine glimpse of Clayton's Jack and Jill windmills as we cross the common; and on the common is Ditchling Gibbet, railed round with a cockerel on the top, grim witness of that day in 1734 when they hung a pedlar here for murdering three people at an inn.

The 13th century church stands by a great yew as old as itself, and its charming porch has a tiny door with fine modern oak carving and an elegant frieze.

In the chancel is the old pitch pipe with which the choir was given the note before the organ came.

Such a place, then, is Ditchling, a gem in the Sussex diadem! We feel sure that a way will be found for this old-world village and a new-world garden city to abide in harmony and beauty without spoiling each other. Good Neighbourhood to both of them!

BREATHING VAPEX DESTROYS COLDS AND CATARRH

When you catch a cold a relentless war begins in your system between the invading germs and the "soldier" phagocytes in your blood stream. Germ-life can double itself in 30 minutes, but your phagocytes cannot.

At the first sign of a cold, therefore, prepare to help yourself. Use Vapex without delay. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe deeply of the pleasant and powerful antiseptic vapour, which searches out the germ colonies in the warm recesses of the nose and throat and destroys them in thousands, thus removing the cause of your trouble.

That is how Vapex conquers colds. Each new breath of the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief reduces the enemy's strength and so assists your natural resources safely and surely to dispel the attack.

Breathe your cold away

You can actually feel the good effects of Vapex from the start. It quickly opens up a way through

the mucus-laden passages of your nose and throat, the germicidal vapour penetrating far beyond the reach of ordinary remedies. Your head clears, "stuffiness" is relieved and congestion is broken up. With easier breathing, the whole respiratory system is stimulated to increased resistance... and soon your cold is gone!

Vapex as a Preventative

You can avoid colds this Winter by using Vapex regularly... particularly when you are feeling "out of sorts," for that is when you are most easily attacked by germs which are broadcast by other sufferers. Keep Vapex always handy and put a few drops on your handkerchief each morning before you go out.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-

Papua Takes a Leaf Out of Liverpool's Book

A NEW CATHEDRAL RISES ON THE EARTH

A PROUD man was sitting in a handsome new building in Papua the other day, glancing shyly at a little wooden figure which had become part of his life.

He was a teacher, and around him were many of his pupils, proud of their master and happy themselves because they too had helped to create the shrine in which his little masterpiece stood. It was consecration day, for Papua has copied Liverpool and given itself a new cathedral.

The little wooden figure, the Papuan artist's masterpiece, is a statue of Francis of Assisi, carved for this new cathedral of St Peter and St Paul, which has just been consecrated at Dogura, on Goodenough Bay, in the east of Papua. The statue and the cathedral have both been fashioned so that they will endure for centuries, and it may be that St Francis will be sheltered by more than one new roof as the ages pass. For he has been carved from a block of the korelan tree, one of the hardest woods existing; and the surprising thing is that the only tool used by the native craftsman was a six-inch nail which he had flattened and sharpened. With one hand the saint presses a bird against his heart, while at his feet and on his shoulder stand other birds representing the life of the great island's forests.

The cathedral is 180 feet long, with twin towers flanking it. Altogether it weighs 20,000 tons, all of which were hauled by truck or carried on the backs of the native Christians to the

top of the 220-foot hill from which the building looks out over the bay.

Practically all the plumbing, engineering, and building tasks have been done by native worshippers, and so the actual cost has only been £4000.

No appeal for funds was made outside the island, the natives giving generously from their scanty incomes; the average wage of a Papuan is ten shillings a month. One boy insisted on giving three pounds, half his year's income, to the cathedral. The mountain folk bring down gum from their trees to be burned as incense, and coconut oil for the lamps in the sanctuary.

The only sorrow to break the gladness of consecration day was that the two pioneer missionaries who had made all possible had passed on while the walls were still rising. They were Canon Samuel Tomlinson and his wife, both Lancashire folk. The canon had come to Papua nearly 50 years ago, and was ordained so that he might minister to the people of Makawa in 1903. Makawa is one of the score of mission stations which serve the great diocese of 90,000 square miles with an estimated population of 350,000, only about 1000 being white men.

Those who worship in this far-off cathedral are puzzled, writes their priest, at what is now happening in Europe. They cannot understand why the wise people on the other side of the world, with all that they have in wealth, beauty, music, art, and learning, simply smash it all to pieces.

SHIPS WITH NOTHING TO DO

A War Problem Before America

ONE remarkable effect of the Neutrality Act in America is that it dooms an immense proportion of America's shipping to idleness.

American vessels, under heavy penalties, are not to carry goods, arms, or passengers to nations at war. Combat Zones are defined which are barred to American shipowners and traders. Their insurance companies can only insure war cargoes at their own risk.

Here are the War Zones from which American ships are barred: Great Britain, France, Germany, Ireland, all ports in Norway south of Bergen, all Baltic ports, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium.

Thus American trade and shipping is seriously affected in the interest of

keeping America out of the war. American ships will have to be withdrawn from the Combat Zones and laid up useless. The cost in money to American shipowners and traders will amount to many millions of pounds a year as long as the war lasts.

Thus whatever profit may be made by American arms makers will be partly set off by losses sustained by other American traders.

The Atlantic will now see British and French vessels fetching aeroplanes and other arms and munitions from American ports, escorted by warships, while the great path will be entirely free from American vessels bound for England and the other War Zones. A truly remarkable picture!

Peter Fraser From New Zealand

ALL social workers who are striving to improve the conditions under which our babies are born into the world will have a special word of welcome to the man New Zealand has sent to London as representative of her war effort.

He is Mr Peter Fraser, Minister for Education and Health, and therefore responsible for the carrying out of that magnificent Social Security Act which came into force last April and among other good things provides free maternity services.

To carry this measure through the Labour Parliament at Wellington was one thing, but to administer its provisions with the doctors of the Dominion

up in arms was another. Mr Fraser, however, has shown grit and determination in establishing the scheme, so that the doctors have begun to enrol their names on the Government panel.

Mr Fraser is a Scot, having been born in the County of Ross 55 years ago. He was educated at the village school and at night-schools. He does not drink or smoke, and is very good company, loving literature and plying a ready wit. All the Scotsmen in New Zealand (and they are a multitude) tuned in when he broadcast on the last Burns anniversary. In their love for their fellow-men Robert Burns and Peter Fraser are on common ground.

THE HOUSE IN THE SAND

A Short Story by Christopher Beck

THE gust was so furious that the windows of the lonely farm house rattled, and the house shook so that soot poured down the chimney into the grate. The tall, broad-shouldered young fellow who sat on a stool close to the fire whistled softly.

"I say, Fred, do you often get it like this?" Fred Algar, a stocky, red-headed boy, looked up from his book.

"Yes, and worse, Jack. Wispers gets these south-easterly gales stronger than any place on the coast. It was a sou-easter that ruined us."

Jack Godfrey turned and stared at his friend.

"Ruined you! What do you mean?" Fred closed his book. "Didn't I ever tell you?"

"Not a word." "I'll show you tomorrow—the sandhills, I mean." He stopped a moment then went on. "The big storm was in my great-grandfather's time. He was well off. He owned eight hundred acres, and Wispers was a mansion house. It was closer to the sea than this. The great gale came, and lasted three days and three nights. It broke down the high sand dunes along the coast and blew them inland. When it was over almost the whole of Wispers was covered deep in sand. Even the house was buried."

Notice to Quit

JACK expressed surprise. "The house was buried?" he echoed.

"Yes. I'll show you where it was. My great-grandfather and his people got out alive, but everything they had was lost: furniture, plate, everything. This house was one of three farmhouses on the estate, and it was saved by the wood and by the Ley Brook, which was in flood. We've been living here ever since, but"—Fred stopped again and his usually cheery face took a very grim expression—"we shan't be here much longer."

"Why not?" "We have notice to quit. James Curnock, who owns Crendon, has bought up the mortgage on this land and demands payment. Dad can't pay. Farming's been simply dreadful the past three years." He shrugged. "So we have to go."

"How rotten!" Jack exclaimed. "And after all these years! But, Fred, what about that plate, the stuff that's in the old house? That belongs to you. Couldn't you get it?" "Not a hope. I said I'd show you where the house was, but even that we only guess at. In some places the sand is 200 feet deep."

Another gust, even more furious than the last, made the old farmhouse quiver. Below a bell rang and Fred got up.

"That's supper. Come on." All night the great gale raged, but morning dawned clear, bright, and cold. The gale had blown itself out and a few light clouds drifted across the pale blue sky.

After breakfast the two boys set out. A wooden bridge took them across the Ley Brook, which was in fine flood. Beyond they climbed a slope covered with old trees. They reached the top, and Jack Godfrey stopped short, gazing at a scene of such desolation as he had never before seen. Acre on acre of yellow sand, rolling in great dunes away to the coast. Not a green thing grew anywhere, but here and there in the hollows the twisted tops of dead trees rose forlornly from the sand drift.

"It's a desert," he said. "Whereabouts was the house, Fred?"

"About a mile east. I'll show you."

The sand was wet now and firm on top, so walking was easy. Fred led the way, and in a quarter of an hour stood on top of a low ridge. He stiffened.

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

"Looks like a chimney," Jack answered. "It is a chimney. Jack, that's a chimney of the old house. Last night's gale has shifted the sand above it, and we are the first people to see it for a hundred years."

They ran forward. Jack was as excited as Fred. As they came nearer they saw not one but three chimneys emerging from the drift. They were standing above the roof of the old mansion of Wispers. Jack turned to Fred.

"Do you know anything about the house? How big was it? How many storeys?"

"Two. We have a print of it. I say, Jack, could we dig down and get that plate?"

Old silver is worth a lot of money. You don't know what it would mean to Mum and Dad. The idea of having to leave is simply killing them. And they don't know where to go."

Jack shook his head. "It would need a steam shovel, and would cost a lot. You see, we'd have to go down all of 30 feet, and sand is wicked stuff to dig because it all slides back into the hole."

Fred's face fell. "We could never afford a steam shovel. Don't say anything to Dad about what we've seen. It would only make him feel worse. Probably the next gale will cover it all up again."

"Just as you say," Jack answered, but as they walked back home he was very silent and thoughtful.

When they reached the Ley Brook Jack stopped.

"How does this get to the sea?" he asked.

"Right through the dunes. It's cut quite a deep channel."

"I wish you'd show me."

Fred looked surprised. "All right, but I don't see what you're after."

Jack smiled. "I'm not sure myself. But come on."

They went all the way down the brook nearly as far as the sea, then came back, and Jack walked up it for quite a long way. What he was after Fred could not imagine. It was nearly lunch-time before they turned back to the house. Then Jack spoke.

"How many men have you on the farm?"

"Only two, and one's old."

"Not enough. How many could you get?"

"Not many. There aren't many men about here."

Jack frowned thoughtfully, then looked up quickly.

"What about boys? You're a Scout."

"Yes, we have a troop of Scouts."

"How many could you get by tomorrow?"

"Eight or ten, I expect, but I'd have to round them up."

"I've got a bike and so have you. We'll go straight off after lunch and collect them. As you know, I'm a Patrol Leader."

"But what are you going to do with them, Jack?"

"I'll tell you. It's a crazy sort of idea, but it might work. My notion is to turn the Ley Brook. We dam it up at the north edge of the sands and cut a fresh channel into that big gully. That should take the water right down to the old house, and I'm hoping it may wash the sand away and give us a chance to get at the lower rooms."

Fred's eyes widened.

"It—might—work," he said slowly.

"I believe it will work."

On the Job

EARLY next morning ten boys, including Jack and Fred, were busy with shovels.

Jack had noticed that the wind-driven sand had buried the old bed of the stream, forcing it to make a great loop and find another course. He had seen that, by cutting a channel through a bar of sand which was not more than 50 feet wide, the little river could be turned into its old bed, which ran quite close to the buried house.

Whether it would work as he hoped Jack could not tell, but it seemed worth trying. The boys, to whom he explained his plan, were keen as mustard. They all liked Fred Algar, but James Curnock, a

crusty, purse-proud man, was not popular with any of his neighbours. Ten grown men could hardly have done more work in a day, and by evening a channel had been cut right through the sand bank.

Fred had had to tell his father what they were doing for these boys had to be fed. Dinner was sent out to them, and tea they had in the farmhouse.

Next morning they were all on hand in good time. Some were stiff and sore, but they soon worked that off. Jack had got a quantity of sacks, and these were filled with sand. When they were all ready the boys started building them into a dam, to turn the river.

The House Reappears

IT was a wet, messy job, but they did it at last, and stood by in silence watching the current eat its way into the new channel. There was a good run of water, and as it ponded up its weight washed away the fallen sand until at last the brook was running in its old channel. By this time it was almost dark.

"Come on, fellows," Jack called. "Time for tea."

"Think it will work?" asked Bob Cannon, one of the Scouts.

"Haven't a notion, Bob," Jack said. "The sand may suck up all the water. But we shall see in the morning."

It rained that night, it was raining next morning, yet every single Scout was at Wispers early. They hurried off in a bunch to see what had happened. Fred got there first.

"My word, look at it!" he shouted.

The stream had risen two feet and a muddy torrent was rushing through the new bed. They followed it down and were amazed at what the water had done in a few hours. The old bed was open, and in some places thick bars of sand had been swept away.

They fairly raced to the old house, and when they got there all pulled up and stared. A great gully yawned close to the south wall of the building. The river was rushing through it, and masses of sand kept sliding down into the torrent and were swept away towards the sea. Fred turned to Jack Godfrey.

"You've done the trick, Jack. Before night we'll be able to go inside."

"It looks like it," Jack agreed. "Let's get to work and help out the river."

All had their shovels, and they worked desperately. It was a job to get them to stop and eat dinner.

By three in the afternoon the south wall of the house was clear down to the lower windows. Jack stopped them to have a look round.

"There's a bad crack in the wall," he told Fred. "We'll have to be careful."

"Here's a man coming," Bob Cannon called out.

"It's Mr Curnock," Fred said. "Now there'll be trouble."

James Curnock came striding up. He was a powerful man with a short stiff moustache, and it was plain he was in a great rage.

"What are you boys doing here?" he demanded harshly. "Clear out at once or every one of you will be prosecuted for trespass."

Fred faced him. "This is Wispers land, Mr Curnock. It's not yours yet."

"You know nothing whatever about it. I hold a mortgage on the whole property. Nothing may be touched without my consent."

He spoke with such certainty the boys were staggered. Jack cut in.

"I'd like to have a lawyer's opinion on

that, sir. The land isn't yours until the mortgage is foreclosed."

"It is foreclosed. The land is mine. Stand aside. I am going into the house."

"You'd better be careful," Jack warned him. "The wall's cracked."

But Curnock, who had heard of the plate and was mad to own it, merely laughed.

"You think you can frighten me. I'll show you that you are mistaken." He went forward, took up a shovel, and began to break away the sash of a window.

Under Curnock's powerful blows the sash broke away and fell inward. They saw him cross the sill and enter a room that was so dark they could hardly see what was inside, except that old-fashioned furniture still stood there covered with thick dust.

Jack's eyes were on the wall. The water was now eating away the foundations and the crack was widening. Other cracks too were showing.

"He'd better be quick," Jack said.

"He's gone through into another room," Fred told him. Fred's voice shook a little. The others said nothing. They were as still as statues.

A couple of minutes passed. They seemed like a couple of hours.

"He's coming back," Fred whispered.

"He's carrying something. It's a chest. Jack, it's the silver! He mustn't get away with it."

"He won't," said Jack confidently. "It's not his. I know enough about law to be sure of that. Your father has another week to pay the money. He told me."

Curnock came to the window. He was panting under the weight of the chest. With a great effort he lifted it on to the sill. He paused to take breath.

"You'd better be quick," said Jack sharply. "The wall's beginning to bulge. You chaps stand back."

Back to the Farm

AS he spoke there was a crunching sound and a part of the upper wall gave way. About a ton of masonry came smashing down, past the window. With a yell of terror, Curnock let go the chest and made a wild leap through the window. He caught one foot on the ledge and fell forward on the steep bank. His head struck a lump of the stone which had fallen from above and his body rolled over and over and splashed into the flood below.

The boys sprang after him. They managed to get hold of him and drag him out, but he lay quite still, with his eyes closed.

Jack glanced at the wall again. "I think we have time," he said quietly. "Fred, give a hand."

He and Fred sprang forward; they got hold of the chest. Two other Scouts helped, and between them they lifted out the chest. Staggering under its weight, they carried it to safety, and had hardly done so when there was a roar and all the upper part of the wall and a portion of the roof came thundering down.

When the dust cleared Jack looked round. "All safe?" he asked.

"We're all right," Bob answered.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll bury the chest in front of the house and mark the spot. When Curnock comes to he'll think it's still in the ruins."

A chuckle rose from the crowd of boys; the job was done in a matter of minutes and the sand smoothed above the grave.

It was nearly half an hour before Curnock came round, and then he was so shaken that the boys had a job to get him back to the road where he had left his car. Jack drove him home.

That was a great evening at Wispers. With a hand-cart the boys brought the plate chest back to the old farmhouse, and when it was opened Mr Algar saw at once that the contents were worth a fortune.

"You shall all share in my luck, boys," he told them; and he kept his promise. The mortgage was paid off, Wispers was restocked, and soon became a most prosperous farm.

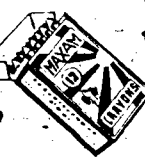
All these presents FREE to any boy or girl



TANTALIZER PUZZLE
A grand game for week-ends. You will just love it.
15 Coupons and Free Voucher.



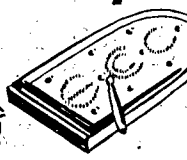
WRITING WALLET
With pens, pencils, rubber, ink eraser, ruler, set square and protractor.
54 Coupons and Free Voucher.



BOX OF CRAYONS
In six different colours. Draw funny pictures of your friends!
15 Coupons and Free Voucher.



SPEED BOAT
Sinkable, strong clockwork drive, propeller, rudder. Length 13 1/2".
102 Coupons and Free Voucher.

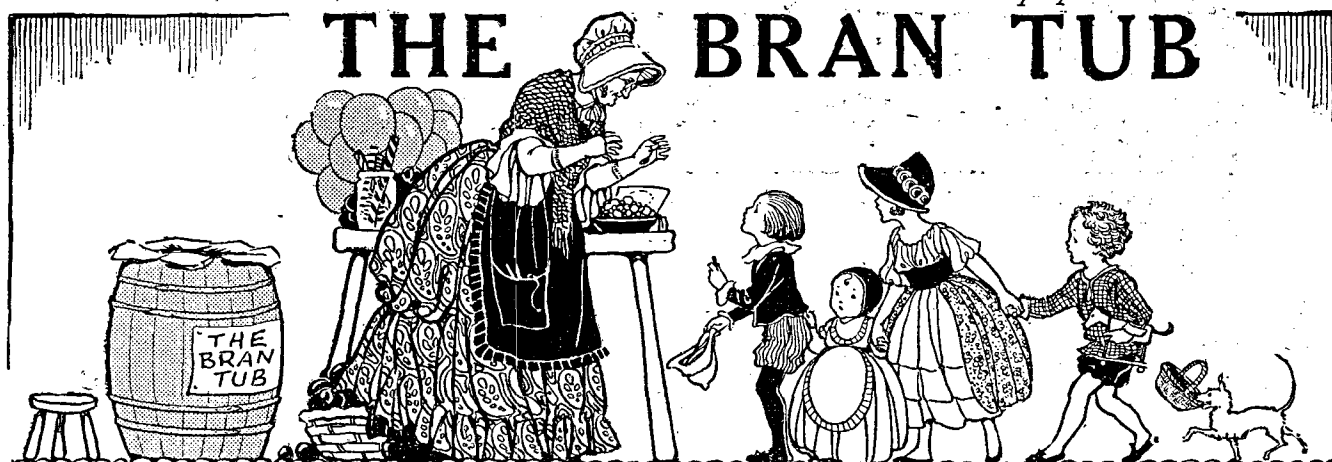


BAGATELLE BOARD
You'll love this game—so will Dad. With cue and balls.
120 Coupons and Free Voucher.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Just ask your mother to get some Rowntree's Cocoa. Every tin contains Free Gift Coupons—three in the quarter-pound size. You get coupons with Rowntree's Jellies, too.

Start collecting the Rowntree's Cocoa coupons right away. You'll soon have enough for your first gift! **SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER**
Rowntree's Cocoa, made by a special pre-digestive process, actually helps children to digest other food and get more nourishment from their meals.

★ For the complete list of hundreds of gifts, send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC 67, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the illustrated Free Gift Booklet, which also contains a Free Voucher, value three coupons, to make your collection grow faster.

**The Opportunist**

THE door-to-door salesman was not at all welcome.
"If you are not off my doorstep in thirty seconds," said the householder, "I'll—"
"Now, what can I sell you in half a minute?" replied the salesman, cheerfully.

No Needles Needed

WHAT knitting can be done without your hands?
Well, not the kind a knitter understands,
But 'tis a way that I have seen you knit,
Each time you knit your brows you're doing it!

Heads and Tails

I AM neither a biped, a fowl, nor a brute,
And if I robbed my tail, I am a beautiful fruit;
Behead me, I care very little for that,
'Tis the sure way to make me an aristocrat.
But suppose a double excision you make,
And my head and my tail both together you take,
What sort of a creature pray then shall I be?
Why an organ is all you will find left of me.

Ici on Parle Français
Treasure in Heaven

These verses are from the Sermon on the Mount, in the Sixth Chapter of Matthew.

19. Ne vous amassez pas des trésors sur la terre, où la teigne et la rouille détruisent, et où les voleurs percent et dérobent;

20. Mais amassez-vous des trésors dans le ciel, où la teigne et la rouille ne détruisent point, et où les voleurs ne percent ni ne dérobent.

21. Car là où est ton trésor, là aussi sera ton cœur.

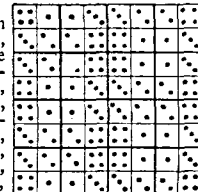
Answer next week

The Right Road

MOTORIST: "Will this road take me to London, lad?"
Country Lad: "Yes, if you turn and go the other way."

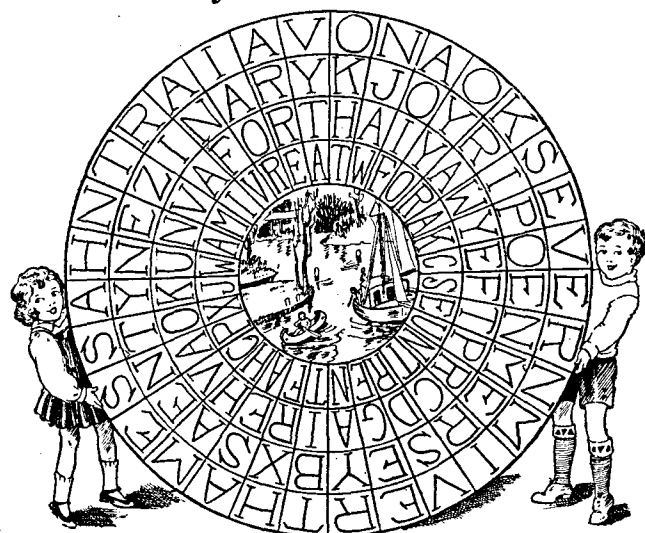
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS**Bran Tub Heading.**

Reading from left to right, these are the birds: Plan-tain-eater, bulbul, trogon, hornbill, cuckoo, shrike, hammerhead, vulture, stork, spoonbill, ibis, flamingo, crane, heron, guinea fowl, jacana, pelican, secretary bird, bittern, tinfoot, bustard, quail, ostrich, whalehead, bustard, honeybird, roller, thick-knee, buzzard.

The Sixteen Dominoes**Word Puzzle. Plump**
Is This Your County? Buckinghamshire**Half-Hour Cross Word Arithmetical Puzzle**

SWAN BAIL
A COMET E
GUM E ODE
STEM EMIT
TAILA
PEER FLORE
ARC AYR
T HUMUS
HOOP STEI

The passenger just caught the train. Starting eleven minutes late, the train was nine minutes on the way and waited 44 minutes at the next station—34 minutes in all from starting. The passenger started twelve minutes late and was 22 minutes on the way—also 34 minutes.

How Many Rivers Can You See?

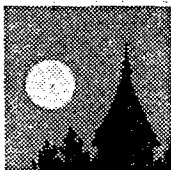
THE names of some British rivers are hidden in these rings of letters. How many can you find? Answer next week

Seaside Tragedy

SAID a man on the pier, "I'm afraid
My little pet dog I've mislaid.
I left him alone
Drinking in the ozone,
And over the edge he has strayed."

Other Worlds Next Week

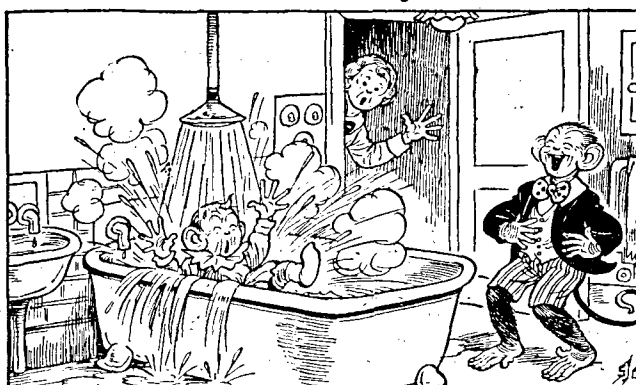
IN the evening Venus is low in the south-west, Mars is in the south, Jupiter in the south, and Saturn and Uranus south-east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, November 26.

**A Coal-Saving Hint**

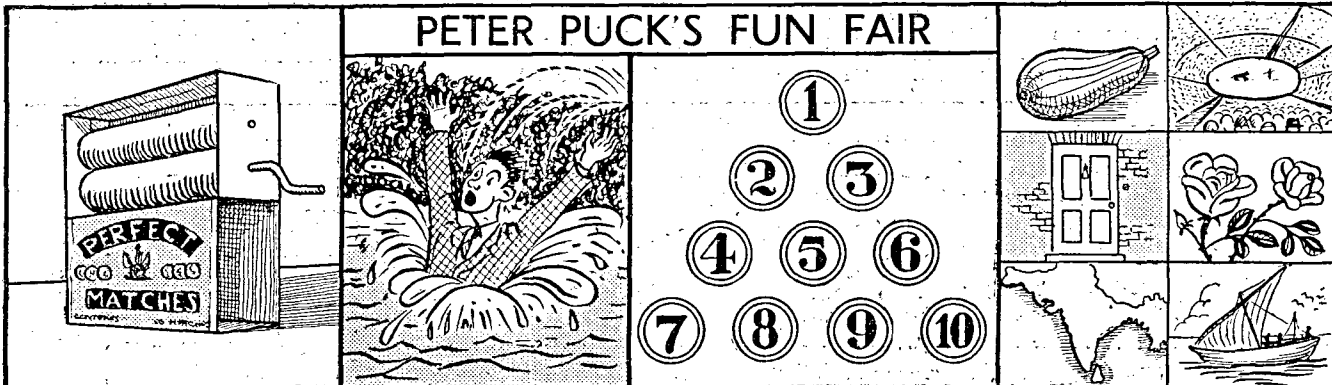
A CONSIDERABLE saving of coal may be secured without affecting the brightness of the fire by standing a small flower pot upside down in the centre of the fireplace. Build the fire round the pot in the usual way and set it going. It will be found that very much less coal will be used, and yet there will be no difference in the amount of heat.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Nov. 26. Henry Ireton died . 1651
27. Horace died 8 B.C.
28. Mandalay captured by the British 1885
29. Sir Philip Sidney born . 1554
30. Cardinal Wolsey died . 1530
Dec. 1. Charles I imprisoned in Hurst Castle . . 1648
2. Napoleon crowned . . 1804

Jacko Gives Baby a Bath

WHEN Belinda had got everything to her satisfaction in the new house she invited Baby to pay her a little visit. "Belinda's bathroom is nicer than ours," Baby informed Jacko, when he turned up one morning to see how his little brother was getting on. It certainly was. "Come on!" cried Jacko. "Hop in. I'll give you a bath." "Don't want a bath," objected Baby, who had already had one. Whereupon Jacko picked him up, clothes and all, popped him in, and turned the shower on!

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR

To make a match-box miangle, glue a tray on top of a cover, as shown. Remove the bottom of the tray. Fix in two lengths of meat skewer for the rollers and a piece of wire for the handle. Now for dolly's washing! What well-known proverb does this picture represent? Can you reverse this triangle of coins by moving only three of the coins? The apex should then be at the bottom. Write down the names of the six objects illustrated above. The initial letters will spell one European town and the final letters another European town. Answers next week.

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

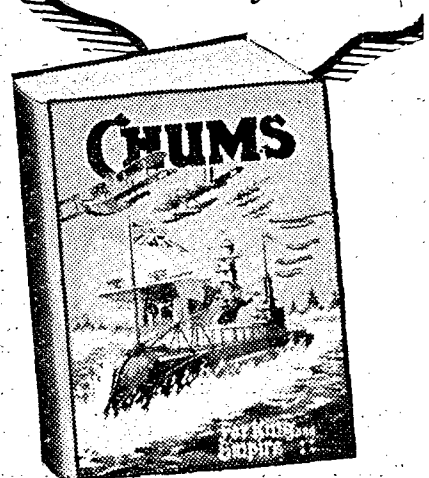
The sensitive lining of the stomach and bowels was never meant to be dosed with aperient chemicals and drugs in solid form. That is why the laxative you give your children or take yourself should always be in liquid form. It is safer and surer in action. This is one reason why doctors and nurses say give your child 'California Syrup of Figs.' Most tasty of all laxatives, this pure fruit product never fails to clean the system, easily, painlessly, completely. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION**CORONATION PACKET**

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues, KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN IS., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4/6, only, post free. Presented with this packet, to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue. Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Airpost, 6/-; 6 Triangular, 7/-; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-. Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set—H. C. WATKINS, G.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

FAMOUS FOR GENERATIONS

and a Prime Favourite among Boys' Gift-Books Today!

**WHY NOT MAKE IT YOURS?**

Here's a book you'd be proud to own! CHUMS ANNUAL features over thirty stories by the pick of boys' authors, pictorial articles on a variety of fascinating subjects, humour, three book-length stories, and four fine colour plates. CHUMS has appeared regularly for nearly fifty years. Your dad will tell you how good it is!



Buy or order yourself a copy now!